

VERTIGO

FABLES™



WILLINGHAM
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suggested for
mature readers
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WHO AM I?

I'M THE THING BARELY SEEN IN THE SHADOWS, THE DARK ONE JUST OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE.

I'M THE CREATURE LURKING UNDER YOUR CHILD'S BED AND HIDING IN HIS CLOSET.

EVEN WHEN THEY HAD ME BOXED UP AND TUCKED SAFELY AWAY, MY SHADOW TOUCHED EVERY WORLD, EVERY MAN'S SOUL.

BOXING DAYS

In which we shine a small light into the Darkness and meet some of the brave souls who risked everything in their efforts to contain him.

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AGES EARLIER
AND WORLDS
DISTANT...

"HOW DID THEY CAPTURE ME SO LONG AGO? THE FIRST PART WAS EASY, FOR EVERYONE WHO SEEKS THE DARKNESS CAN FIND IT."

"BUT IF LOCATING ME WAS EASY ENOUGH, SUBDUING ME WAS THE HARD WORK OF GENERATIONS."

NOK
NOK

HELLO THE HOUSE! OPEN FOR AN OFFICER OF THE EMPIRE!

"HOW MANY LIVES WERE LOST IN THE DOING OF IT? I CAN'T COUNT THAT HIGH. CAN YOU?"

HELLO?
CAN I HELP YOU?






I'M JUBILEE
MIRANT, A CAPTAIN IN
THE EMPEROR'S SORCERY
CORPS.

ARE
YOU THE COUNTRY
WARLOCK DUNSTER
HAPP?

YES.

IS THERE
SOME PROBLEM? HAS
THERE BEEN A **COMPLAINT**?
I ASSURE YOU MY SORCERY LICENSE
IS CURRENT, AND I'VE PAID ALL
FEES TO--



NO, NO COMPLAINT.
QUITE THE OPPOSITE, IN
FACT. YOUR REPUTE IN THE
CRAFT IS KNOWN FAR AND
WIDE, **BEYOND** THESE
LANDS.

I'M NOT IN
THE REGULATORY SIDE
OF THE CORPS. I'M IN
RECRUITMENT.

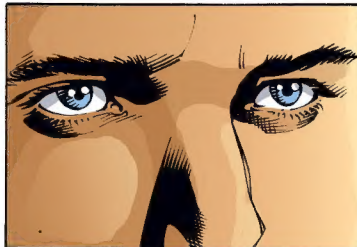


NEVER HAVING MET YOU, I'VE
NEVERTHELESS COME TO
ADMIRE YOU.

TWO OF THE **COMBAT**
SPELLS YOU'VE CRAFTED HAVE
BEEN ADOPTED INTO THE BASIC
MARTIAL SORCERY HANDBOOK.
DID YOU KNOW THAT?

I'VE BEEN LUCKY IN MY
RESEARCHES.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN
LUCK. I DO, HOWEVER, BELIEVE
IN **EXCELLENCE**, AND SEEK IT OUT,
WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE TODAY.
HOW OLD ARE YOU?



I'M NOT SURE. I
LEARNED HOW TO STOP
AGING EARLY ON IN MY
STUDIES.

MARVELOUS.



BY THE TIME
MOST PRACTITIONERS
LEARN TO RETARD THEIR
YEARS THEY'RE ALREADY
TOO OLD TO BE OF
USE TO US.

USE TO YOU? I **ALREADY** SERVE THE EMPIRE HERE, AMONG THE VILLAGES OF THIS COUNTY. IN WHAT FURTHER WAY CAN I BE OF USE, AND TO **WHOM**?

I THINK NOW IS THE TIME YOU SHOULD REMEMBER YOUR COURTESY AND INVITE YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER IN.

ONCE FED AND RESTED FROM THE LONG ROAD, I'LL BE HAPPY TO DISCUSS IT WITH YOU.

THE DAY WEARS ON...

OF COURSE A PRACTITIONER OF **YOUR** TALENTS COULD RISE HIGH IN THE WARLOCK CORPS, SO YOU'D BE WELCOME IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.

NOBLE TITLES AND AWARDS WOULD ACCUMULATE QUICKLY. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU ENDED UP WITH YOUR OWN CITY **PALACE** IN A FEW YEARS.

I'D BE HAPPY TO PLACE YOU THERE, SHOULD YOU CHOOSE TO **GO** THAT ROUTE. BUT YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS THE TYPE TO FLOURISH IN A WORLD OF POLITICS AND BUREAUCRATIC INTRIGUE.

I WONDER IF YOU MIGHT BE BETTER SUITED ELSEWHERE.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE **BOXING LEAGUE**?

OF COURSE. WHO IN OUR PROFESSION HASN'T?

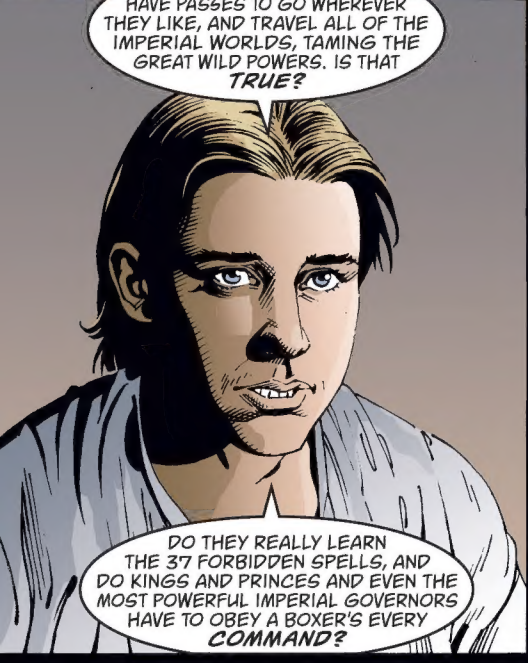
BUT IT'S A MYTH--A FABULOUS TALE OF SECRET HEROES MEANT TO AMUSE CHILDREN AND IMPRESS THE GULLIBLE.



IT DOESN'T REALLY EXIST. IT CAN'T.

CAN IT?

INDEED IT DOES. IN POINT OF FACT IT COULD BE ARGUED THE BOXING LEAGUE IS OUR EMPIRE'S MOST VITAL CRYPTERA.



I HEARD THEY HAVE PASSES TO GO WHEREVER THEY LIKE, AND TRAVEL ALL OF THE IMPERIAL WORLDS, TAMING THE GREAT WILD POWERS. IS THAT TRUE?

DO THEY REALLY LEARN THE 37 FORBIDDEN SPELLS, AND DO KINGS AND PRINCES AND EVEN THE MOST POWERFUL IMPERIAL GOVERNORS HAVE TO OBEY A BOXER'S EVERY COMMAND?



I CAN'T SAY. I CAN'T ACTUALLY TELL YOU TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM, NOT BEING A MEMBER MYSELF...

...BUT YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE I WAS INSTRUCTED TO LOOK FOR.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO PURSUE AN ASSOCIATION WITH THE BOXERS, I CAN ONLY GIVE YOU A PLACE TO GO, A NAME TO MENTION, AND A MODEST PURSE FOR YOUR TRAVELING EXPENSES.



MEMBERSHIP IS STRICTLY VOLUNTARY, OF COURSE. AND YOU CAN NEVER TELL ANYONE WHERE YOU'RE GOING AND WHY.

EVEN MENTIONING THIS CONVERSATION WOULD BE A CAPITAL CRIME.



SO WHAT DO YOU SAY, DUNSTER HAPP?

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

"ON A WORLD WHICH HAS NEVER HAD A NAME, THEY GATHERED TO STUDY THE VARIOUS UNDERHANDED WAYS WHEREBY THEY MIGHT DO *HARM* TO GREAT POWERS SUCH AS MYSELF."

GOOD MORNING, CANDIDATE DUNSTER.

AT LONG LAST, TODAY IS THE DAY OF DAYS. ARE YOU READY?

HAVE YOU DECIDED IF YOU WILL TAKE THE FINAL VOWS AND EARN A PLACE AMONG THE BROTHERS?

AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF TRAINING, IT WOULD SEEM A WASTE *NOT* TO, BROTHER TEROGUE.

BETTER TO'VE SQUANDERED YEARS THAN TO TAKE THIS FINAL STEP UNADVISEDLY, OR THROUGH ANY SENSE OF OBLIGATION-- EVEN TO YOURSELF.

AFTER TODAY THERE WILL BE NO RECONSIDERATION. NO TURNING *BACK*. AFTER TODAY YOUR LIFE IS NOT YOUR OWN.

OF COURSE, BROTHER. I DIDN'T MEAN TO SOUND GLIB OR FLIPPANT.

I'VE CAREFULLY WEIGHED ALL OF THE IMPLICATIONS OF THIS DECISION, AND I'M READY TO PROCEED.

VERY WELL. THEN FOLLOW ME.

TAKE NOTHING WITH YOU BUT THE HUMBLEST GARMENT. FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU HAVE NO POSSESSIONS. *NOTHING* TIES YOU TO THIS WORLD AND THIS LIFE.



MY NAME IS
DUNSTER HAPP.
I AM A DEAD
MAN.

I HAVE NO
MOTHER, NOR FATHER,
NOR SISTER, NOR FRIEND.
I WILL NEVER TAKE A WIFE,
NOR WILL I FATHER
CHILDREN.

I HAVE NO
BROTHERS SAVE THOSE
WHO ALSO SERVE IN THE
FRATERNITY OF
BOXERS.


I HAVE NO GOD
SAVE MY DUTY. I HAVE NO
COUNTRY SAVE THE FRATERNITY.
I HAVE NO KING SAVE THE
BROTHER SUPERIOR.

I HAVE NO
DESIRES SAVE SERVICE
IN OUR CAUSE. I HAVE NO
FUTURE SAVE OBEDIENCE,
COMBAT AND DEATH
IN BATTLE.

I WILL HUSBAND
MY SORCERY, MY POWERS,
AND MY MARTIAL SKILLS,
EXPENDING THEM ONLY IN
THE COURSE OF
DUTY.

IF EVER I FAIL
IN COURAGE, DISCIPLINE,
SELFLESSNESS, FIERCENESS,
OR INITIATIVE, I WILL DIE
BY MY OWN HAND.

IF EVER I
OBSERVE ONE OF
MY BROTHERS FAIL IN
ANY ASPECT OF OUR
CODE, I WILL SLAY
HIM, WITHOUT
HESITATION OR
MERCY.



"THEY HAD MANY NAMES, THESE INSIGNIFICANT DABBLERS IN THE ELEGANT ART, THE LEAGUE, THE FRATERNITY, THE BROTHERHOOD."

FORM ON ME!

ANY SURVIVORS, FORM ON ME!

"EVERY NAME DESIGNED TO EMPHASIZE HOW WEAK THEY ARE ALONE--HOW THEY MUST CLING TO EACH OTHER IN THE FALSE COURAGE OF THE HERD."

ANYONE...?

"MOSTLY THEY BECAME KNOWN TO ME AS THE BOXERS."

I TELL YOU, DOCTOR, I'M FINE.

GO PLY YOUR LEECHCRAFT ON SOMEONE WHO ACTUALLY NEEDS IT.

GATHER BURRANT?

"THOUGH SINGULARLY THEY WERE UNIMPRESSIVE, THEIR NUMBERS GREW OVER THE AGES."

ARE YOU BROTHER BURRANT?

GUILTY AS CHARGED.

"LIKE ANY OTHER PESTILENT SPECIES THEY SEEMED TO MULTIPLY FASTER THAN THEY COULD BE STAMPED OUT."

UH...THE PROVOST SAID YOU COMMANDED NOW.

SINCE EVERY OTHER BOXER IN THIS HORDE IS DEAD, I SUPPOSE I AM.

"THEY WERE SWARMS OF DISEASED MICE CONSTANTLY NIBBLING AT THE EDGES OF GREATNESS, OCCASIONALLY FELLING ONE OF US THROUGH SHEER NUMBERS AND SUICIDAL PERSISTENCE."

I'VE COME WITH REPLACEMENTS--THREE NEW HEXES--TO SWELL YOUR RANKS.

"ONE SUCH PLAGUE MOUSE WAS NAMED DUNSTER HAPP."

NO, BROTHER, I GUESS NOT.

THIS IS BROTHER HAPP, LEADER OF HIS HEX AND SENIOR MAN AMONG THE REPLACEMENTS.

ONLY EIGHTEEN WARLOCKS? NOT ENOUGH TO REPLACE THE TEN FULL HEXES THAT PERISHED TODAY, IS IT?



"OH, IF ONLY I'D HAD THE FORESIGHT TO SEEK HIM OUT AND SQUISH HIM UNDER MY THUMB WHEN HE WAS ONLY A FEW CENTURIES OLD."

GOOD MORROW, BROTHER.

GOOD MORROW. TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF, HAPP. WHAT ENGAGEMENTS HAVE YOU FOUGHT?

I WAS AT HARVEST TOWN, WHEN WE BOXED THE JANKY MAN, AND SEVEN YEARS IN THE HESSE WHERE WE BOXED THE LAST OF THE BALEFUL HERNES.

BOTH RECENT ACTIONS--RELATIVELY. WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE THAT?

FOR THE THREE CENTURIES PRIOR TO THAT I SERVED IN THE BLACK MONASTERY AS A RESEARCH SORCERER, DEVELOPING BETTER CONTAINMENT BOXES.

OH? IMPORTANT SERVICE. WHY AREN'T YOU STILL *THERE*, HAPP?

IF YOUR WORK WAS ANY GOOD THEY'D *INSIST* ON HOLDING ON TO YOU. IF IT WASN'T, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO CUT YOUR OWN THROAT LONG AGO.

THE BLACK HOUSE'S SENIOR BROTHER WANTS TO *ADVANCE* ME. HE SAID I'D NEED COMBAT EXPERIENCE TO MOVE UP.



OH, SO WE HAVE A CAREERIST, HUH?

WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE AMBITIOUS IN THE FRATERNITY. WHAT HAPPENED TO DUTY, SERVICE AND OBEDIENCE ABOVE ALL ELSE?

I NEVER SAID I SEEK ADVANCEMENT, BROTHER.



FAIR ENOUGH, I SUPPOSE--FOR NOW.

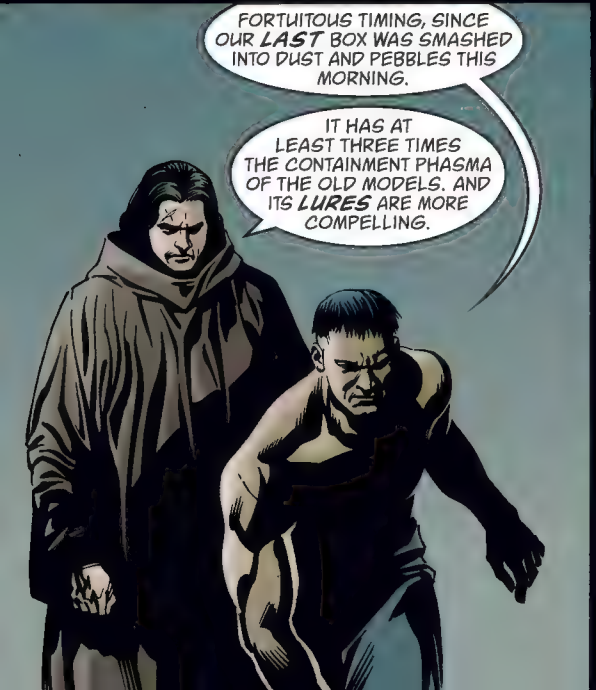
IF YOU'RE SENIOR AMONG THE REPLACEMENTS, THAT PUTS YOU SECOND IN COMMAND UNDER ME--

--CONSIDERING I'M ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ORIGINAL SIXTY BOXERS IN THIS HORDE.



DO AN EXECUTIVE OFFICER'S DUTY AND GIVE YOUR COMMANDER THE BENEFIT OF YOUR WISE COUNSEL. WHAT CAN YOU DO TO AID IN THE CAPTURE AND CONTAINMENT OF BABA YAGA?

I BROUGHT ONE OF MY NEW BOXES WITH ME TO REPLACE THE ONES YOU'VE BEEN USING.



FORTUITOUS TIMING, SINCE OUR LAST BOX WAS SMASHED INTO DUST AND PEBBLES THIS MORNING.


IT HAS AT LEAST THREE TIMES THE CONTAINMENT PHASMA OF THE OLD MODELS. AND ITS LURES ARE MORE COMPELLING.



BABA YAGA MAY BE SURPRISED TO DISCOVER THAT SHE ACTUALLY WANTS TO GET INTO THIS BOX.

"ONE BY ONE THE BOXERS WORKED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WEIRDS, EXPENDING THEIR INSIGNIFICANT LIVES WITH UNNATURAL VIGOR AND ENTHUSIASM, IN THE HUNDREDS, OR EVEN THE THOUSANDS, JUST TO PUT ONE OF US AWAY!"






THIS IS TURNING INTO ANOTHER ROUTE, HAPPI! WHY ISN'T THE OLD WITCH BEING ATTRACTED TO YOUR NEW BOX?

I THINK THAT MOBILE HUT OF HERS IS SHIELDING HER SOMEHOW. A COUPLE OF THE BROTHERS IN LOGISTICS HEX THINK THEY CAN FIX THAT.




THEY WANT TO TRY CONJURING A FIELD GATE TO REMOVE THE HUT, BUT LEAVE BABA YAGA IN PLACE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

SETTING UP A FIELD GATE'S A DELICATE PRODUCTION UNDER EVEN IDEAL CONDITIONS. IT WASN'T DESIGNED AS A COMBAT SPELL-- STRICTLY FOR EQUIPMENT TRANSPORT.



NO REASON WE CAN'T RE-DESIGNATE IT, THOUGH. STUPID TO LOSE A BATTLE DUE TO A FAILURE OF IMAGINATION.

AND WHERE DOES THE HUT GO?



NO WAY TO TELL. CONSTRUCTING A GATE QUICK ENOUGH TO DO US ANY GOOD WOULD MEAN SETTLING FOR AN ENTIRELY RANDOM DESTINATION.

BUT WHEREVER IT ENDS UP, IT WOULDN'T BE HERE, HELPING HER.



FAIR ENOUGH. TELL YOUR BOYS TO GIVE IT A TRY.

STRAND THE WITCH ON FOOT.

MANY YEARS
LATER...

IT WORKED,
BROTHER BURRANT.
WE CAPTURED THE
OLD WITCH.

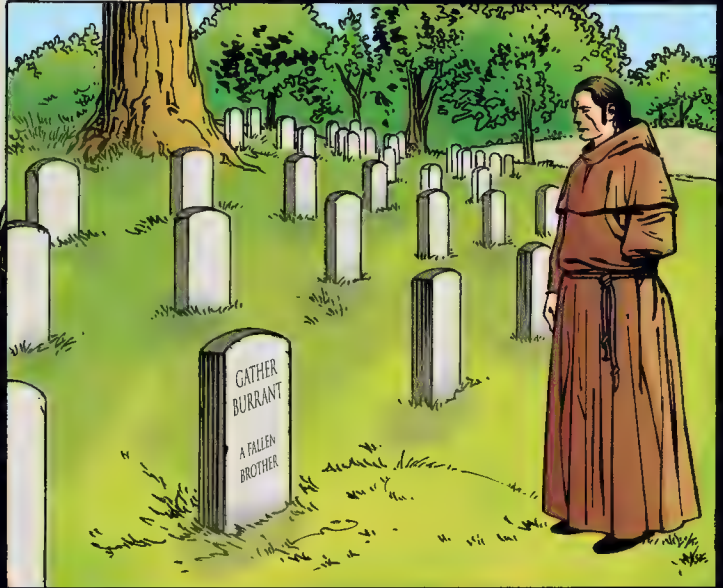
GATHER
BURRANT
A FALLEN
BROTHER

ONCE THE
CHICKEN-LEGGED HUT
WAS GONE, SHE PRETTY
QUICKLY RESPONDED TO
THE MAGIC LURES AND
WENT ON HER OWN
INTO THE BOX.

GATHER
BURRANT
A FALLEN
BROTHER

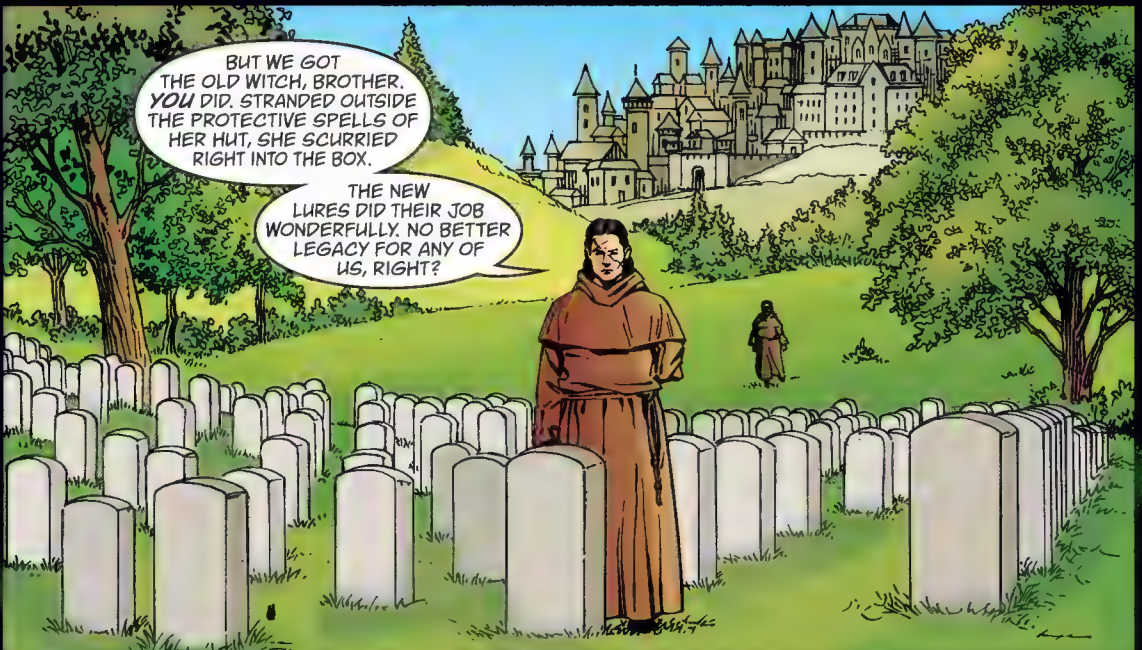
OF COURSE
THAT WAS AFTER
YOU CAUGHT THAT
STRAY BLAST.

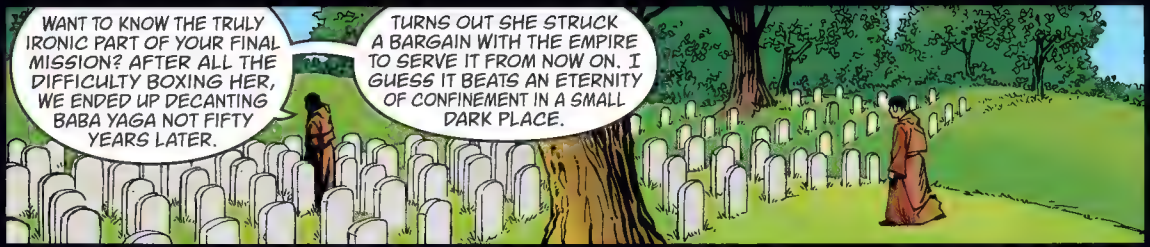
AS YOU CAN
SEE, I CAUGHT A
PIECE OF THAT SAME
SPELL. ALMOST
FINISHED ME,
TOO.



BUT WE GOT
THE OLD WITCH, BROTHER.
YOU DID. STRANDED OUTSIDE
THE PROTECTIVE SPELLS OF
HER HUT, SHE SCURRIED
RIGHT INTO THE BOX.

THE NEW
LURES DID THEIR JOB
WONDERFULLY. NO BETTER
LEGACY FOR ANY OF
US, RIGHT?





WANT TO KNOW THE TRULY IRONIC PART OF YOUR FINAL MISSION? AFTER ALL THE DIFFICULTY BOXING HER, WE ENDED UP DECANTING BABA YAGA NOT FIFTY YEARS LATER.

TURNS OUT SHE STRUCK A BARGAIN WITH THE EMPIRE TO SERVE IT FROM NOW ON. I GUESS IT BEATS AN ETERNITY OF CONFINEMENT IN A SMALL DARK PLACE.



I'M SORRY IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO COME BY AND VISIT, BROTHER BURRANT. THEY'VE KEPT ME BUSY OVER THE LAST FEW CENTURIES.

PROMOTED ME, TOO. I'M THE TOP COMBAT LEADER FOR THE ENTIRE BROTHERHOOD NOW. MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG. MAYBE I AM CURSED WITH AMBITION.



BROTHER HAPP? PARDON ME FOR INTERRUPTING, BUT IT'S TIME. YOU WANTED TO BE NOTIFIED WHEN FORCES WERE ASSEMBLED. THEY'RE WAITING ON YOU.

WHAT?

OH YES, OF COURSE.



I HAVE TO GO, BROTHER. DUTY CALLS--AS EVER. I PROMISE NOT TO WAIT SO LONG TO VISIT AGAIN.



"SEVEN TIMES, OVER AS MANY CENTURIES, THEY CAME FOR ME.

"SEVEN TIMES I DESTROYED THEM."



BROTHER
BOXERS!

WE
ARE ON THE
EVE OF A GREAT
AND TERRIBLE
BATTLE!

AT LONG
LAST WE WILL DEFEAT
AND BOX THE DARK MAN, WHO
HAS CONFOUNDED US, KILLED US, AND
ELUDED US FOR SO MANY
GENERATIONS!

THIS WILL BE
OUR *FINAL* CONFRONTATION
WITH HIM THOUGH, BECAUSE
THIS TIME WE WILL
PREVAIL!

THIS TIME WE WILL ATTACK HIM IN THE COMPANY OF **NO** HORDE, NO OUTSIDE TROOPS, NO ARMIES BUT OUR OWN FORCES ASSEMBLED HERE TODAY!

THIS TIME YOU WILL KNOW THAT THE MAN STANDING NEXT TO YOU HAS THE SAME SKILLS, THE SAME TRAINING, AND THE SAME PROVEN **COURAGE** AS YOU DO!

NO SIMILAR FORCE HAS **EVER** BEEN ASSEMBLED IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE!

NO LESS THAN SIX HUNDRED HEXES OF SIX MEN EACH, EVERY ONE OF YOU A VETERAN OF AT LEAST A DOZEN PRIOR ACTIONS!



EACH ONE OF YOU HAS PROVEN HIS COURAGE--AND THIS IS **VITAL...**

...BECAUSE WE'VE LEARNED, AT GREAT **COST**, THAT THE DARK MAN IS **POWERED** BY THE FEAR OF HIS OPPONENTS!

ONLY A COMPLETELY **FEARLESS** ARMY CAN EVER **HOPE** TO DEFEAT HIM!



BROTHERS!

WE-- ARE-- THAT-- ARMY!



REMEMBER, BROTHERS!

WE WERE **DEAD MEN** THE MOMENT WE TOOK OUR FINAL VOWS. **DEAD MEN** CAN KNOW **NO** FEAR! **DEAD MEN** CANNOT HOPE, OR WORRY, OR DESPAIR, OR **FALTER!**

DEAD MEN CAN ONLY ATTACK! ATTACK! ATTACK!! WITHOUT PAUSE!



"THEY CAME AT ME AGAIN, THESE SCRAMBLING GNATS AND HORNETS, WITH THEIR ANNOYING LITTLE STINGS."

"I WAS HAPPY TO STOMP AND CLAW AMONGST THEM, SCOOPING THEM UP BY THE HANDFUL AND DROPPING THEM INTO MY BAG OF ENDLESS NIGHTMARES AND INFINITE SCREAMS."

"HOW DARE THEY-- THESE INSIGNIFICANT CRAWLING THINGS?"

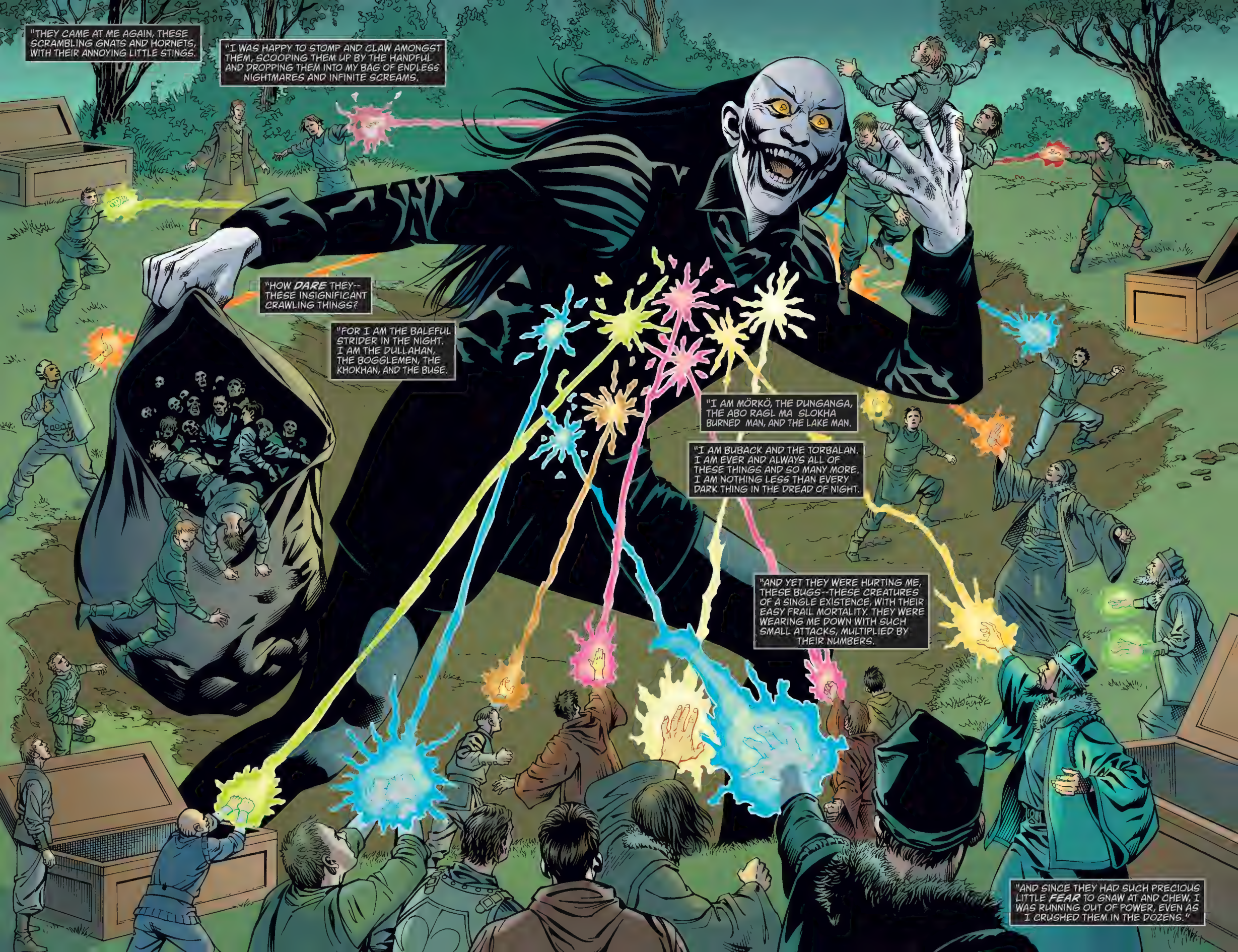
"FOR I AM THE BALEFUL STRIDER IN THE NIGHT. I AM THE DULLAHAN, THE BOGGLEMEN, THE KHOKHAN, AND THE BUSE."

"I AM MÖRKÖ, THE DUNGANGA, THE ABO RAGL MA SLOKHA BURNED MAN, AND THE LAKE MAN."

"I AM BUBACK AND THE TORBALAN. I AM EVER AND ALWAYS ALL OF THESE THINGS AND SO MANY MORE. I AM NOTHING LESS THAN EVERY DARK THING IN THE DREAD OF NIGHT."

"AND YET THEY WERE HURTING ME, THESE BUGS--THESE CREATURES OF A SINGLE EXISTENCE, WITH THEIR EASY FRAIL MORTALITY. THEY WERE WEARING ME DOWN WITH SUCH SMALL ATTACKS, MULTIPLIED BY THEIR NUMBERS."

"AND SINCE THEY HAD SUCH PRECIOUS LITTLE FEAR TO GNAW AT AND CHEW, I WAS RUNNING OUT OF POWER, EVEN AS I CRUSHED THEM IN THE DOZENS."



"AND THEN I NOTICED, AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME, A PLACE OF REFUGE."

"IT CALLED TO ME, OFFERING ITS THICK STONE RAMPARTS, ITS TOWERS AND BASTIONS. A MIGHTY FORTRESS, WITHIN WHICH I COULD REST AND RECOVER MY STRENGTH."



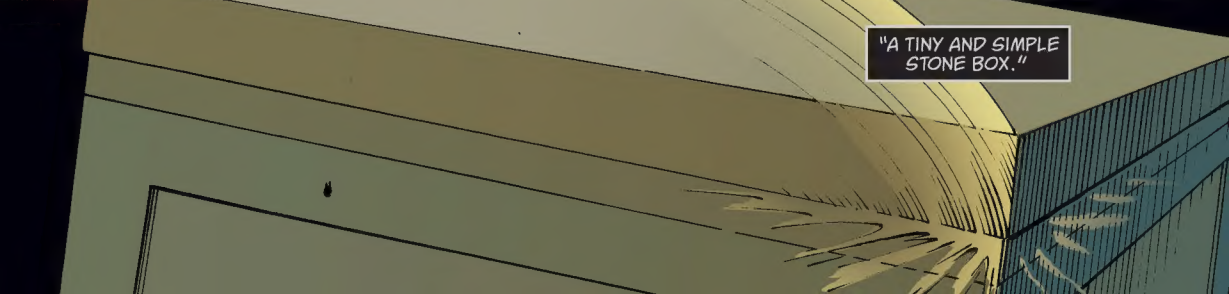
"FOOLISHLY I ENTERED, SEEKING ONLY A QUICK RESPITE BEFORE CONTINUING AGAIN MY PREDATIONS AMONGST THE BOXERS."



"THAT'S WHEN I PERCEIVED IT TRUE FOR THE FIRST TIME, JUST BEFORE ITS LID SLAMMED SHUT ON ME. THIS WAS NO GRAND CASTLE. IT WAS JUST A BOX."



"A TINY AND SIMPLE STONE BOX."





SO MANY AGES I WAS TRAPPED INSIDE, POWERING THEIR MAGICS FROM WITHIN MY TINY BOX.



EVENTUALLY I CAUSED MY CLOAK-- MY SACK FOR HOLDING NAUGHTY CHILDREN--TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO WERE THE ENEMIES OF MY ENEMY.

AIDED BY MY WONDROUS CLOAK, THEY BROUGHT DOWN THE EMPIRE THAT VEXED ME SO...

...AND BROUGHT ABOUT MY EVENTUAL RELEASE.

BUT THEY MADE AN ERROR. THEY TOOK UP MY BAG AND MADE A MAGICAL CLOAK OF IT, ALL THE BETTER TO COUNTERFEIT MY ELEGANT POWERS.

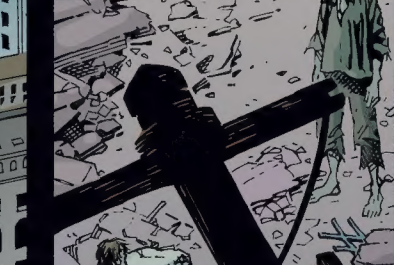
BUT MY BAG WAS PART OF ME, AND SO I WAS NEVER FULLY TRAPPED. WITH SUBTLE MOVES, I NUDGED AND SUGGESTED AND WHISPERED AND MANIPULATED, LITTLE BY LITTLE.



SO NOW I'M FULLY RESTORED INTO THE COUNTLESS WORLDS AGAIN. I'M BACK UNDER EVERY BED. MY FOOTFALL IS ONCE AGAIN EVERY CREAK IN THE NIGHT.



I'M BACK HUNTING YOU, DEAR CHILDREN. SOON ENOUGH I'LL VISIT YOU PERSONALLY, AND SUP UPON YOUR FEAR, TASTE YOUR DELICIOUS SCREAMS, AND EAT YOUR TEETH.



NO NEED TO SEEK THE DARKNESS ANYMORE, FOR THE DARKNESS IS COMING TO YOU.

OH YES INDEED I WILL.

Next: Baba Yaga

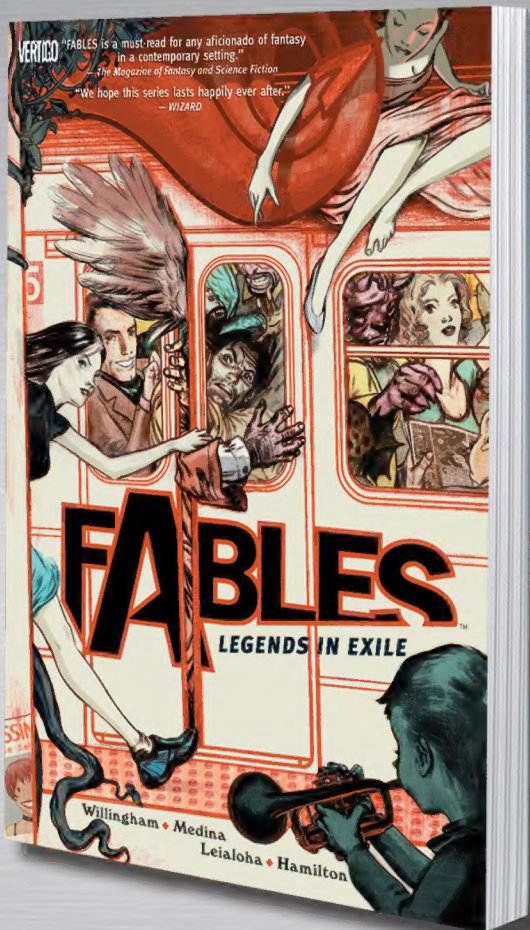
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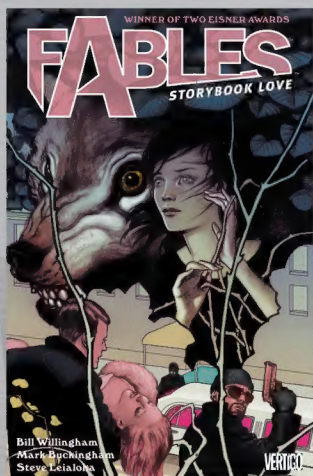
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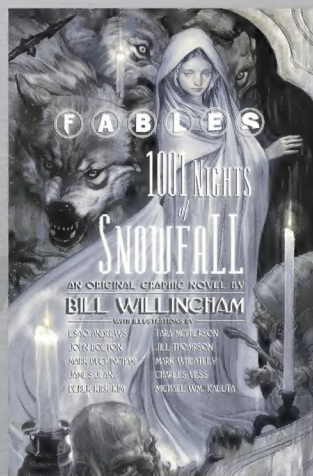
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